

The Lost Child

by Amazing-Thalia-Grace

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Summary: Perseus, the 3 year old son of Poseidon, is taken away by Dragons, and is never to be seen again. Hiccup, had taken it upon himself to teach the other Viking Tribes that Dragons were actually kind creatures. But then he makes an impossible promise to the Chief of the Burg tribe; To return with Poseidon's dead son. But is it really impossible? Inspired by 3 Days Grace, Rated K plus

1. The Attack

****The Lost Child****

****Full summery: Perseus the 3 years old son of Poseidon who is the leader of the Viking tribe Olympia, is kidnapped by a Night Fury; and is never to be seen again. Hiccup has taken it upon himself to teach the other Viking tribes that Dragons are actually gentle beings. But he soon finds himself making an impossible promise: To find Poseidon's lost, dead son. Or is it?*****

****Inspired by 3 Days Grace: Time of dying. ****

****Rated T for swearing and pain. No Gods or Demigods. Just Vikings.****

****Disclaimer: I don't own anything. :"(****

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><p>Prologue: The Attack

Olympia's current chief and top warrior, Poseidon the Navigator Olympia I, was smiling as he watched his son, Perseus, happily playing outside in the fading light of dusk with his cousins. There were Thalia and Hazel, who were five and four, as well as Jason and Nico, who were both two. He was also playing with someone else,

Annabeth the Wise Chase, daughter of Athena the Wise Chase, Top Battle Planner of the tribe, and a part of Poseidon's private council, who was his age.

But right now, Poseidon was troubled. Lately, Dragons had been attacking with more force than usual. Why? If the creatures had any, what were their motives?

At night, they could fly in silently, and steal most of our live stock. Or, when we fought them, their claws would slice through our shields like they were butter. How were they able to fight with such silent stealth and perfect strategy? Or even with their almost armor like claws?

Poseidon scanned the skies, searching for the horrid beasts who constantly tried to slaughter his friends and family like the sheep and cattle they stole. There! Dragons were flying towards their village again.

"Men! Prepare to fight!" Poseidon shouted urgently, his voice trumpeting through the village.

Immediately the other Vikings responded to his command and grabbed their weapons and shields. Not that the shields would do much, but better than no defense at all. They had to try and protect their loved ones. No matter the cost of their own skin and beards.

Poseidon grabbed his sword, and some spears. First he targeted the Monstrous Nightmare. As soon as he drove that one off, Poseidon turned to help his brother, Zeus.

Zeus was youngest of the Olympian brothers; the brother was often found boasting about himself ever since he saved the tribe from the tyranny of their father, Kronos, at the age of 19. While he and his older siblings were most indefinitely indebted to him, they found his arrogance and pride to be too much. Neither of these traits would be the making of a good leader. This was why Poseidon's calm demeanor and rational thinking had made him perfect candidate for leader.

There was also Hades the eldest brother who was also calm and rational, but Hades was also creepy. He liked handling the dead bodies, and attempting to talk to the dead. Some people believe that he was actually the son of Hel herself. It was a good thing that Hades not only didn't want to be the chief in the first place, but also that he had incredibly thick skin. In more ways than one.

"Daddy? Help!" A child screamed. Poseidon immediately turned to the voice. His sea green eyes widened in terror as he saw his son lifted into the sky by a dragon. But it wasn't just any dragon that ripped his son from the earth into the air. It was the most feared dragon of all, the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. The Night Fury.

"Help! Daddy, help! Save me!" Perseus wailed again. In vain, Poseidon tried to reach the dragon that was carrying his son away as if he was nothing more than a piece of food to bring back to their blasted hidden nest. But it was already too late, for his son was already

fading against the night sky.

"HELP! Help! Help! _Help!_" Came the horrified shrieks of his son as he was carried away, higher and high until he looked to be naught more than a dark speck against the inky black sky. His shrieks and bawls for help pounded and echoed, until they too, faded to the silence in the darkness of the new-born night.

Poseidon fell to his knees. A yowl of despair tore from his chest as he watched the silhouettes of the dragons fleeing the island. The stars twinkled above, oblivious to the pained father below.

"I _will _find you again son, I promise." Poseidon whispered vengefully as he stood up. "The oceans as my witness, I will find you again."

* * *

><p>Poseidon jolted awake, clutching his thin sheet that he called a blanket fearfully. Taking a few calming breaths, he stood and walked up the stairs to where his son's room was; naively hoping to find his young son to be fast asleep in his bed.<p>

Poseidon sighed sadly when he looked around the empty loft, mentally slapping himself for foolishly thinking he would find his son in there.

The room had not been touched since the day Percy was taken, every toy and drawing he had made were still scattered across the floor as they always were. No matter what Poseidon tried to bribe his son with, he would never clean his room.

Poseidon moved over to the bed and sat down, burying his head in his hands. It had been weeks since the day his son was taken, and they still hadn't found the nest. It was the foolish hope that the dragons had yet to kill his son that drove him to the point where he believed that he might actually find the nest.

To be honest, Poseidon wasn't even sure about what he would do if he even _found_ the nest. Sure, he would obviously want to look for his son; but there was also the problem of every other dragon in there that would be guarding it. He had heard, of course; that somehow the Hairy Hooligans had managed to find and destroy the Nest that was plaguing them, but how they managed it, Poseidon would be left wondering for many years.

Poseidon sighed and stood up, he had promised his second (Or was it third?) eldest nephew Apollo (He and twin his sister, Artemis, were always fighting over who was older. And Artemis fought like a full-fledged warrior about this), that he would meet him for a drink in the mead hall. He had best go now, before his nephew began to worry.

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><p>Read & Review!

****The Lost Child****

****Full summery:****

****Perseus the 3 years old son of Poseidon who is the leader of the Viking tribe Burg, is Kidnapped by a Night Fury, and is never to be seen again. Hiccup has taken it upon himself to teach the other Viking tribes that Dragons are actually gentle beings. But he soon finds himself making an impossible promise: To find Poseidon's lost, dead son. Or is it?*****

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><p>Chapter2: The Blacksmith**

Perseus watched in stuffy, tense silence as the Night Fury carried him over the seas. The black waves billowing like the sails of his father's ships. He whimpered.

The dragon will probably eat me once they reached the island.
Perseus thought miserably.

Eventually, the Nest came into view looming ahead in all its dark, treacherous glory. More Dragons pressed up against them on all sides, flying beside them in the very similar manner of any animal pack. Bits and pieces of shinning plumes of fire spurted from the dragons' nostrils, depicting their anxiety or hostility.

Perseus let out a gasp of fear when the night scaled dragon took a sudden dive into o dark hole, letting out a screech as it went. Many of the dragons that were sleeping in that particular tunnel suddenly jerked awake and let out bursts of flame from their noses, effectively lighting the once dark tunnel.

Once they reached the heart of the volcanic mountain, Perseus saw a BoneKnapper screech as it dropped a sheep into the fire, and then fly to the far side. Other than the Night Fury that had kidnapped him, the other dragons did the sameâ€"dropping their prey into the pit, and waited.

A huge dragon erupted from the depths and roared. Immediately the dragons started bowing; most appeared to bow out of pure terror of the giant fire drake, but some bowed only in hopes of pleasing the dragon. One then forced Perseus to his knees, making him fall to the ground and bow as well.

The big dragon leaned forward and inspected the boy, her large snout blasting hot air across his body, leaving his skin prickly and sweaty. After a few minutes, the dragon nodded to the BoneKnapper, and disappeared into the depths lava.

The BoneKnapper picked up Perseus with its bone armoured claws, and flew through a confusing and seemingly endless maze of spires, and other large stones.

Perseus, terrified, closed his eyes and mewled. The dragon, thoroughly annoyed, threw him inside a cave of some sort. Perseus shivered as he contacted the ground with a harsh thud, but kept his eyes closed.

Percy immediately started to lash out wildly when he felt the rough scales of another dragon brush against his leg. The dragon was trying to hold down his leg in order to attach something to it. The dragon roared in frustration and tackled the three year old to the floor, quickly clamping a metal chain around his ankle and disappearing before he could do anything.

After what felt like hours, Perseus finally cracked his eyelids open and took a deep breath before he took in his surroundings. There was a forge, and shelves with many different kinds of metals on them in the space of the cave.

A stocky man stepped from the shadows of the cave and bent over him. Immediately, Percy cowered. The man laughed, such a hearty laugh, Perseus almost relaxed his taut ball of nervousness in his stomach. Until he remembered what had happened to him.

"Hey there!" The man greeted kindly, "The name's Charles Beckendorf, but you can just call me Beckendorf. What's your name?" He asked.

"Per- Perseus." Perseus answered timidly.

"Perseus eh? That's quite a mouthful! How about I call you Percy instead?" He asked, laughing again.

Perseus clenched his fists into tiny balls of anger.

"Don't call me Percy" The three-year old exclaimed; his voice raising steadily, and surprisingly louder. "_My name is Perseus! Not Percy, or Perce, or anything else! Only my father could call me Percy!_"

Beckendorf backed up a bit, clearly shocked.

"Sorry kid! I didn't realize..." Beckendorf trailed off, looking down. Perseus immediately felt sorry. He had just yelled at an adult! Oops.

"Sorry for yellingâ€¦" Perseus said looking ashamed.

Beckendorf smiled again.

"S'all right kid! Neither of us new. Say, you look kind of small, how old did you say you were again?" He asked, scratching his head.

"Three." Perseus answered, holding up two fingers.

Beckendorf's head shot up.

"Three?! You're too young to of just been taken away like this. They never should have taken you away in the first place! I was 23 when I was kidnapped, but 3?! This is outrages! Absurd! Its! Its!" He spluttered.

Beckendorf took a few deep breaths before continuing more calmly.

"I guess that doesn't matter, I'm going to be your mentor, all right Perc- Perseus?" He asked, tripping over Perseus' name.

Perseus only nodded, still somewhat afraid from when Beckendorf had started ranting.

"This," Beckendorf said, pointing at a soft piece of metal, "Is one of the metals that we will be using in the forge. Do you know what it's called?" He asked.

"Led?" Perseus asked a look of concentration on the young child's face. "One of the really soft metals, but lead isn't good for making weapons, and the smoke is bad to breath in."

Beckendorf looked up, appearing to be mildly surprised at the knowledge that the the three year old held. "That's right; when people breathe in the fumes of lead, they often die of either lung or heart poisoning. Where did you learn that?"

"I used to visit the forges at Olympia." Perseus said looking down at his feet, embarrassed.

"Well, if you're so smart, can you tell me what the rest of these are?" Beckendorf said gesturing to other bits of metals that lay scattered around the room.

"Well..."

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><p>Beckendorf whistled his approval, obviously impressed with the Perseus' vast knowledge of metals. "I didn't even know all that when I started my training! And I started when I was 14!"

Perseus only smiled.

"But now," Beckendorf said, suddenly looking gloomy. "You need to know how to make the claws."

Perseus looked confused.

"What claws?" He squeaked.

"Alright, you know how whenever the Dragons attacked you're village, they seemed stronger, right?" He asked.

Perseus nodded, wide-eyed.

"Well, I made those claws, and now you have to learn too. That's why you were brought here."

Perseus looked shocked.

"You-you made those?" He demanded softly, shocked. "Why would you do that?"

Beckendorf sighed ruefully. "They brought me here so that I'd make the claws for them. I don't have a choice. Unless I find some way out of here, which isn't gonna happen anytime soon." He added.

"My daddy said that he'd find me again, when he comes, maybe you-" Perseus started to say before Beckendorf cut him off harshly.

"That won't happen. There's no way your dad could find the nest. It just isn't possible." Beckendorf said flatly.

"But, he promised!" Perseus tried again. "They used to call him 'Poseidon, Lord of the Seas'!"

Beckendorf looked confused. "But, Poseidon isn't the lord of the seas! Njord is!"

Perseus laughed, remembering his father. "No, it's just his nickname! The reason they would call him that is because whenever he went out to sea, even if he didn't know where he was going, he always knew the way back! It was as if the seas responded to his sailing."

Beckendorf just smiled and shook his head.

"A child's faith is the strongest." He muttered utterly bemused.

"Get some sleep." Beckendorf ordered quietly, his voice gentle in its command. "Your training starts tomorrow."

Perseus sighed and crouched down before lying on the ground, hugging his knees to his chest, struggling to warm himself.

* * *

><p>There! All done! And it is all thanks to iamCambria's AWESOME Beta-ing! Please, do remember to thank her in your reviews!

Read & Review!

3. The Claws

I'm sorry guys, this is LONG overdue!

***Note: Percy's home village has been changed to Olympia, as it ties in better with the actual PJO series. I will change the previous chapters later.**

Disclaimer: I believe that it's obvious I don't own Percy Jackson or HTTYD... Yet...

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><p>The Lessons**

Percy was sweating from the heat as he slaved over the hot fire. He had perfectedâ€”hopefullyâ€”the basic dragon claw mechanism. Now he was adding on the fatal lead tips.

The specially formed lead tips were sharpened and molded onto the already-made claws, and could then be used in battle. The lead started smoking, the fumes intoxicating the humans as the Vikings launched a ball of fire at the dragons. A Fiery Nightmare however, could start them immediately by lighting their own bodies on fire.

Beckendorf had taught him a lot over the course of the past year. Such as: why he was taken from his home. The Dragon Queen, though smaller than most Seadragonus Maximus dragons, was much smarter than the others. Because of her massive intellectual prowess, she was able to come up with a foolproof plan to essentially annihilate the Viking tribes altogether.

She also heard that not only was one of her sisters dead, but that treacherous Night Fury was the reason for it. Night Furies were the most powerful dragons alive, second only to the Seadragonus Maximus' themselves and the Alpha Species. Now because one of her fellow sisters' nest was destroyed, she would have to work extra hard in order to hold at bay those rather annoying Vikings. Originally, she had planned on manipulating all of her other sisters to do what she was about to, and then she would take the control of the Mother Nest to rule all of the dragons.

But in order for that to happen, she would need more powerful minions; and currently, her strongest minions were a Gronkle that ate mottled rocks and spat out extremely hard metal which were good for the smithies to make stronger claws from; and a Night Fury, she couldn't bring herself to trust any farther than she could fly. But sadly, she couldn't fly farther than any of the other Seadragonus; therefore it really isn't the best analogy.

So instead she ordered the dragons under her control to keep them supplied with the metals that the slaves would need to craft their claws; as well as keeping the Viking captives stocked with food and water. How the dragons were able to find fresh water, find durable transportation, and bring it to their human slaves; Percy would never know.

Percy was jolted out of his thoughts as the fire started roaring out of control. He quickly found the billow and calmed the fire back to a more reasonable temperature.

Beckendorf was watching him closely; always analyzing his workmanship, always trying to keep a passive face even when he was thoroughly impressed with how his skills were improving; the quality that Percy put into the work was phenomenal. Though it was a true shame that those skills were being used in the attempts to annihilate his friends and family.

If they were even still alive at this point.

Beckendorf walked over to the four-year old slowly; not only was an old leg injury hampering himâ€”which he had gotten it from trying to escapeâ€”but his uninjured leg was chained to the wall. This caused some obvious movement restrictions.

Percy however, was not chained to a wall. Mainly because his ankles were small enough to slip through the cuffsâ€”Percy had proved this not long after the first cuffs were placed around his anklesâ€” but also because there were dragons were guarding the entrance to the forge. A four-year old could never get past unnoticed. Well, the dragons didn't think so anyways. Sometimes the best of getaways were caused by the smallest, and unlikeliest of people.

Beckendorf inspected the claws carefully, making sure that the lead didn't bend too much like it had on his first attempt. Just because he was a four year old genius, didn't mean that Percy could get it right on the first try... or the second to tenth.

Beckendorf sighed and looked at Percy.

"Perseus," He began sadly, "You have made the perfect lead claw. You are now ready for Level 2; the iron claw."

For half a second, Percy wanted to beam with pride that he had passed the first level. But then he realized that now he would be making more dangerous claws; claws that would be used against his family. Claws that could cause more harm than the first to the people he cared about.

He didn't even try to entertain the thought that they had perished in the past attacks.

"Let's start." Percy mumbled, wishing he was anywhere but in the dragon forges.

* * *

><p>That's right everybody! I'm back! And I now have an AMAZING Beta name iamCAMBRIA! She is totally awesome, and it is thanks to her that my stories are getting, and will continue to much better than they were before! And yes, I know how short this is, compared to the others; but I promise that the next one will be twice as long!

CAN I GET A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR IAMCAMBRIA, PLEASE? *imaginary audience applauds* Oh, I'd say you're to kind, but that is for her to decide!

Thank you for reading and don't forget to review!

4. AN- ADOPTION NOTICE!

Okay guys; I've spent a lot of time with these stories on Hiatus, and during that time I've thought long and hard about what I should do.

The truth is guys, life has been hell for me lately, school is torture, I haven't been able to even go near a computer until recently because of my grades, and frankly, I'm am just tired of it all. (Not the kind of tired you might be thinking, I would never do _that_)

**So yeah, don't worry about these stories. I know that the last time

I tried to give one up for adoption, it didn't work out so well. Sorry about that Kingdom of Arion fans. But this time will be different. The main stories that are going up for adoption are: Book 1-3 The Kingdom of Arion (Yes, it is a trilogy), A Trip Down Memory Lane (Also a trilogy), and The Lost Child. Anyone who wants to adopt these stories will need to PM me within the next two weeks (Expiry date will be March 8) if they want to adopt it, and I will choose the most promising author for each one if there are multiple offers, so no hard feelings if I don't pick you.**

Also, whoever gets the Kingdom of Arion Trilogy will also receive The History of Arion because they are obviously tied together.

Anyone who wants to adopt my minor stories (ie: The Double Wedding, The Family of Blumiere, or The Fiddler) will have to PM me about those as well, otherwise they will automatically be deleted.

I am really sorry that I have to do this, but I don't really have much of a choice. If I could, I would hold all of my stories close to me and snarl like a feral animal at all those who tried to take them, but sadly school decided that I needed to be domesticated. Remember that the end date is March 8, so send in those Pm's

Note: If I don't pick you for one of my main stories, you will automatically be offered first pick of one of the minor ones. Or I might even give you a sneak peak at one of the newer stories I was trying to work on before all this s happened.**

5. Update On Adoption Notices

***Update**

Alright kiddies! I have successfully given one story to one remarkable author to take care of! Luigi 4ever has adopted my (former) story "The Fiddler"! Every time a minor story is given to a new author, I will update that status on all of my stories so that everyone knows which ones are still available.

Currently, I have had one person ask for "A Trip Down Memory Lane" and one person (possibly?) ask for the "Kingdom of Arion" trilogy. Keep on sending requests for which stories you wish to adopt! The clock is ticking!

~_(The-Not-So) Amazing-Thalia-Grace_

End
file.